

## Las Vegas Undertaking Co.

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## THE LOBBY RESTAURANT AND CAFE

Short Orders and Regular Dinners

THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE ALWAYS HANDLED

## SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

### CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & A. M.

Regular communication first and third Thursdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M.; Chas. H. Spiereder, Secretary.

### LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2, Knights Templar.

Regular convocations second Tuesday in each month at Masonic temple, 7:30 p. m. John S. Clark, W. C.; Charles Tamme, Recorder.

### LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, Royal Arch Masons.

Regular convocations first Monday in each month at Masonic temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P.; Chas. H. Spiereder, Secretary.

### EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1, Knights of Pythias.

Meet every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the El Dorado hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. I. P. Havens, Chancellor; C. M. Bernhardt, Keeper of Record and Seal.

### SALDY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA.

Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall. Chas. Trumbley, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

### WEBER LODGE, I. O. O. F.

Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the I. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Della Peppard, V. G.; Mrs. A. F. Dalley, Secretary; Adeline Smith, Treasurer.

### W. P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND FOURTH TUESDAY EVENINGS EACH MONTH AT O. R. C. HALL.

Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

### EASTERN STAR, REGULAR COMMUNICATION SECOND AND FOURTH THURSDAY EVENINGS OF EACH MONTH.

All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Seelinger, secretary.

### I. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4.

Meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. C. W. McAllister, N. G.; E. Comstock, V. G.; R. O. Williams, secretary; W. E. Crites, treasurer; C. V. Hedgecock, cemetery trustee.

### FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102.

Meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building west of Mountain square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 804.

Meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall. Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

### W. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY EVENINGS EACH MONTH AT FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD HALL.

Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Jno. Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, secretary.

### WOMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD HALL EVERY SECOND AND FOURTH THURSDAY, SLEEP AT THE EIGHTH RUN.

Visiting brothers always welcome to the wigwag. David Flint, sachem; Walter H. Davis, chief of records and collector of wampum.

### W. E. ROSENWALD LODGE NO. 545, I. O. B. B.

Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas. Greenleaf, president; Rabbi J. S. Raisin, secretary.

## THE THIRD ROUND

BY CAROLINE LOCKHART

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It was not quite time for Moxie to go to the office. He was in the basement delivery-room of the Gazette building for his bundle of afternoon papers, so he sat on the curb and watched the girl who was taking stock quotations from the ticker in the composing-room, the window being open. He hoped she might again nod smilingly at him, in which event, possibly, he might get up courage to ask her.

"She ain't goin' to come, though," he thought, despondently.

So he got up slowly and was one of the last to get his papers, which was not Moxie's habit. As usual, it was late at night when he crept into the dirty court where he lived rather peaceably just now, his mother having been somewhat subdued by a recent term in the House of Correction his sister being "up" as an "habitual," and his brothers and sisters having come under the fostering care of "The Cruelty."

He crept out cautiously at an early morning hour that he might spend the more time sitting on the curb and watching the girl, who in smiling at him had fed a hungry little heart without realizing her bounty.

That morning he was again impressed with the whiteness of her collar, the beauty of her eyes, and the glory of her hair, his intimate knowledge of hair and eyes and gowns being gathered from the incessant red of his mother's eyes, her matted hair, and her greasy Mother Hubbard. But he resolutely refrained from thinking of his mother when he was near this girl, lest it be sacrilegious to the girl. He frankly hated his mother and wished she was dead.



"I'm Goin' to Put on De Mita wid Greeny Ike."

When he looked at the girl, Moxie realized vaguely that he, himself, was not quite worthy to gaze at her. He knew that she swore, lied, stole, smoked cigarettes, and got drunk readily enough when the chance offered; and he admitted to himself that these things could not be easily excused in a boy who was fully eleven years old.

This morning the girl, looking idly out the window, saw once more a sandy-haired, ugly little gamin, with the face of an old man, and she smiled frankly at him, not realizing how much it meant to him, but being just happy herself. At that Moxie came across the street and called up to her through the open window:

"Say, dey's goin' to be a good scrap down in de basement when us fellers go fer papers dis mornin'," he said, earnestly. "I'm goin' to put on de mits wid Greeny Ike, and fight him 'tween rounds fer de eighty-pound championship. We pull off de fight at ten, before de first edition is out. Would you like to come down and see de scrap? De odder feller's bigger'n me, but maybe I kin lick him."

"All right," the girl called back, laughingly, "I'll come down."

The ring was roped off by tying stout packing-cord from post to post, and Moxie was already in his corner when the girl came in, to be given a seat of honor by the young man who wrote the bulletins. Moxie was promptly seized with stage-fright at the sight of her so near him. Greeny Ike in the other corner looked as big as a house, but Moxie walked bravely over to shake hands with him at the order of the referee. He backed into his corner again, not daring to turn around for fear he might catch her eye.

"Time!" yelled the referee.

Moxie desperately shot out his thin arm and landed a smart blow on Greeny's eye. There was no particular science about it, Greeny valiantly accepting the blow so as not to delay getting in a smash himself. The crowd yelled impartially as the blows fell.

"Punch him, Greeny!" yelled a partisan.

"Swing your right, Moxie!" advised a Moxie supporter.

"Jolt him in the jaw!" suggested another eagerly.

Moxie ducked and danced, feinted and led, but his opponent did all these harder. When time was called at the end of the three minutes, Moxie

felt he had made a very bad showing indeed before her eyes, and his spirits fell. The second round was worse. Moxie being punished unmercifully. "Ah, ye'er no good, Moxie," said the crowd frankly. "Put him out, Greeny!" All thumbs were down. Panting and grasping, Moxie sought his corner, to find that his seconds had deserted him, their loyalty being borne down by the weight of adverse public opinion.

"Third round! Time!" yelled the referee.

Moxie walked slowly from his corner, and Greeny promptly knocked him down. The crowd yelled in derision. Slowly he got to his feet. For the first time he glanced towards the girl. She was standing by her chair, now, and her eyes were blazing with excitement. As she caught Moxie's despairing glance she called to him.

"Don't let him beat you, Moxie!" she cried in a shrill voice, very feminine amid the shouts of the crowd.

What happened to Moxie can only be guessed at, but all know just what happened to Greeny. Moxie became a tiger when in an instant. He sprang at Greeny and smothered him with blows that came too hard and with too great a recklessness to be either parried or returned. Moxie's face was white to the lips, and his eyes had the glint of steel. Greeny fought back in desperate astonishment, but Moxie never felt any blows when they did land. Yell after yell went up from the frenzied crowd around the ropes. A sudden panic came over Greeny. Bewildered, helpless to stop this sudden, mad rage of an opponent he had counted beaten, blinded by the ceaseless blows, he threw his arms over his face, turned, and ran to his corner, the referee following hastily to pull Moxie off from him. The referee led Moxie to the middle of the ring.

"De eighty-pound champion, gents," said the referee, waving his hand at Moxie.

Everybody howled and cheered, but Moxie heard, loudest of all to him, a glad little "Hurrah!" from the place where the girl had sat. Moxie pushed his way in that direction through the boys that swarmed around him, pulling off his gloves as he went. She was standing there yet, holding out a soft white hand.

"First edition, boys!" called the delivery clerk, but Moxie went by himself to the seclusion of a packing-box, that he might realize fully how happy he was.

Still, waters with oil.

Not Poured from Barrel into Ocean as Supposed, But Placed in Bags at Ship's Sides.

When the captain of a wave-beaten ship pours oil upon the waters he does not empty a barrel of kerosene over the side. He stitches up three or four cotton bags, which he fills with oakum and then with oil, usually equal parts of fish oil and kerosene. The bags are then tied tightly at the tops and pricked all over with a nail needle to permit the oil to exude, and are hung from the boat davits and weather chains to drop their mollifying contents on the raging billows. The bags must not be allowed to get empty, but must be refilled every two hours. For six bags ten gallons of oil are used in thirty hours. Sometimes, if it is very cold, the oil congeals and will not run out through the holes fast enough, and the mouth of the bag is then loosened to let it escape in that way. Its effect is magical on a rough sea. A huge comb will rise threateningly to bury the laboring vessel under tons of water, but will strike a patch of oil no larger than a common dining table and subside in an instant into a smooth, round swell, which the ship rides like a cork.

The use of oil is also a valuable aid in wearing ship in a gale and high sea. A few gallons of paint oil over the lee quarter enables the vessel to perform the maneuver in perfect safety without taking a drop of water on board. When a boat ships so much water that it is impossible to get the oil bags slung into position without running the risk of being swept overboard, an ordinary bed sheet saturated with paint oil, tied to a rope and allowed to float, will soon calm the seas sufficiently to permit men to move about the decks safely. Paint oil is agreed to be the best to use, rape-seed oil and porpoise rank next, but kerosene is not satisfactory.

The Secret of Old Age.

A novel method of attaining longevity was practiced by Mrs. Yetta Schulman, who died recently in New York at the advanced age of 105 years. Mrs. Schulman paid no particular attention to points of diet, exercise, sleep, etc., which usually figure largely in rules laid down for those growing old. She believed that the lives of aged persons could be prolonged if they associated constantly, or nearly so, with young people; and she spent the greater part of her time in company with children, even taking part in their sports with lively interest.—Leslie's Weekly.

Woman in Important Position.

Miss Edna L. Foley has just resigned her place in the Boston consumptive hospital to become the head of the Chicago tuberculosis institute. She is a graduate of Smith college, class of 1901. The Chicago institute has seven dispensaries in different parts of the city and employs nine trained nurses to assist in treating the patients. Miss Foley will have the entire charge of the dispensaries and nurses.

## ABSORBLETS

He stands forth in the public eye and, as some close observers think, as she goes proudly stepping by, the public gives a knowing wink. —Washington Star.

"Self-importance ain't confined to human folks," said Uncle Eben. "Dar never yet was a sig big enough to entirely justify de cakle it stahs in de banyard." —Washington Star.

"For my part, I don't see any more harm in a game of cards than in a game of chess."

"But consider the associations." "Why, at chess you play with two bishops, while at cards you play with four knaves." —Tit-Bits.

"It is nearly crazy because his soul wants to marry an actress."

"Is he so prejudiced against actresses?"

"Quite the contrary."

"Then what is his kick?"

"He wants to marry her himself." —Houston Post.

"That man," said the court onlooker, "will be convicted surely. He's making a very poor impression on the witness stand."

"That isn't the defendant," said a lawyer. "He's just one of the alienists undergoing cross-examination." —Detroit Free Press.

"John, what's this?"

"You told me to bring you something to remove superfluous hair from your face, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; is this one of those electrical depilatories I have read about?"

"Not on your life; that's a safety razor." —Houston Post.

Boss' Wife—So this is the new office boy? I suppose you behave like a nice gentleman, especially if there are ladies present?

Willie—You bet! If they're home-ly ones, the boss takes 'em and I show 'em out; and if they're good-looking, I show 'em in and the boss takes 'em out.—Judge.

"When you have made a statement for which you are sorry you should own up to it," said the idealist.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "it is bad enough to say something you regret without following it up with an expression of self-distrust; you are sure to regret still more." —Washington Star.

Mrs. Newpop: "John, dear, do you think so much of bread and molasses is good for baby?"

Newpop: "Sure it is. Bread is the staff of life, you know."

Mrs. Newpop: "Oh, I suppose the bread won't hurt him—but so much molasses—"

Newpop: "But he doesn't eat the molasses, my dear; he leaves that on the chairs and door knobs." —Chicago News.

A clergyman who was not averse to an occasional glass hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whiskey bottles, and as he lifted each one he looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him and said:

"They are all dead ones, Pat."

"They are!" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it—they all had the minister with them when they were dying." —Tit-Bits.

She planned the man whom she would wed.

Should be both brave and good.

Full six feet tall, with curly hair,

Adept at sawing wood,

Combining a woman's tenderness

With man's stern hardihood.

Her husband measured five feet two.

His hair was red and straight,

He only made ten punks per week,

Cared but for what he ate,

And yet she truly thought he made,

A husband simply great.

—New York Sun.

Harry McCormick, the Giant's star

hitter, replied to an anecdote to a

compliment on his batting.

"I could always bat," he said, "One

Fourth, in my boyhood, a pitcher was

taken out of the box after I had

knocked a home run, and another

pitcher was substituted.

"As I was taking a drink after my

round of the bases, I heard a pretty

girl in the grandstand say:

"Oh, how stupid of them to change

their pitcher! The other man was

awfully good. He hit the bat nearly

every time." —Washington Star.

## WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me. I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." —Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAY, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Blobbs—"I suppose there is quite a difference between a rent and a tear." Slobbs—"You bet there is. For instance, I can't pay my rent because I spent all my money on a tear."

### Cholera Infantum Cured.

"Something like two years ago my baby, which was then about a year old, was taken seriously ill with cholera infantum, vomiting and purging profusely," writes J. F. Dempsey of Dempsey, Ala. "I did what I could to relieve her but did her no good, and being very much alarmed about her went for a physician but failed to find one, so came back by Ellet Bros. & Carter's store, and Mr. Ellet recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I procured a bottle of it, went home as quickly as possible and gave the baby a dose of the remedy. It relieved her in fifteen minutes and soon cured her entirely." For sale by all dealers.

It is possible to cure a child by the laying on of hands—with a good spanking.

### The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. It's the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c at all druggists.

Call up Main 2 when you have any news. The Optic wants it.

If you are all run down Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. It strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood that depress the nerves, and cause exhaustion, backache, rheumatism and urinary irregularities, which sap the vitality. Do not delay. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy at once. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

## HEADACHE

"My father had been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets is what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name." E. M. Dickson, 1139 Resister St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Best for The Bowels

Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Fineest, Palsible, Pleasant, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, He, Dr., He, Never Sold in Bulk. The genuine tablets stamped O. G. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y.

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We are continually asked to recommend teachers in different sections of the country. Hence we are compiling a Music Teachers Directory for the southwest. It will be to your advantage to have your name appear in this directory. It will cost you nothing in addition to this year name will be on our mailing list, which will enable us to send you from time to time, musical matter that will interest you. State what instrument you teach. Send name and address in full to

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